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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems, with some Translations from the German. By John Anster, Esq. Edinburgh, 1819. 12mo. pp. 244.

Our readers, we presume, are aware that though we are a little opinionative, in other words, have our own notions about things, we are not very prone to support ourselves by long disquisitions. To parody a noble lord, "What we think, we think;" and we do not care to waste many words to show that we are right. We find our weekly sheet small enough to disseminate an idea of the information and amusement which these intelligent and peaceful times pour out; and if two or three arguments will not suffice to sustain the few doctrines we advance, why, we would rather the matter were left in doubt, or what is worse, that we should be thought in error, than that we should occupy much room to go "about it, and about it," and set our whole strength forward—may be to be thought wrong after all!

These poems deserve a sort of essay introductory, if we were in the habit of leading our gentle readers by the nose; but we will only pronounce, question it who dare, that the author has some fine poetical feeling, expresses it occasionally in fine poetical language, but is often very level and sometimes even tedious in his blank verse. His poem of *The Times*, reminds us strongly of Akenside, to whom we do not think him generally inferior, though he has not reached the highest and best passages of that author. Zamri is in the Byron style, in which nobody but Byron has succeeded. We quote as an example the conclusion of it. A father is pursuing the murderer of his only and darling son, whom he finds on board of a piratical vessel. It thus concludes:

"Dark fell the night—and fierce and fast,
Through riven sail and crashing mast,
The lightning's hurrying arrows past—
—Yes! Heaven's own lightning was my guide,
And Heaven's own strength my arm supplied."

The wind was loud, the thunder pealed,
In prayer the frightened pilot kneeled;
—A sudden tide of passion gushed
Along my veins, and forth I rushed,—

VOL. III.

Swift, as the lightning's winged dart,
The sabre's point was in his heart!

"A moment undisturbed I stood,
And gazed in gladness on the blood;—
They viewed in fear, but did not seize
The avenger, standing o'er the slain;
It seemed mine eye had power to freeze
The life that paused in every vein,
So chill each look, so hushed each breath,
Of those who saw that scene of death:—
And yet no stir:—I heard alone
One throbbing pulse, one deep-drawn groan,
Disturb the general hush;
I saw one struggling heave of pain,
As bursting from the broken vein
The rapid life-drops gash;
I marked one effort, made to pray,
Or curse, die indistinct away,
As the lip, mocking at the will,
Stook, quivered, writhed, and then was still:—

"A moment, and mine eye was dim,—
I did not see, I did not think,
But through each pulse and through each limb
I felt my falling spirit shrink:
Yet all was hushed—one moment more
They seized the hand still hot with gore!—
—Ah! senseless ones! why seize this hand?
Will be for whom hath been untwined
Each tie that linked him to his kind
Pause now to think on axe and brand?
Think ye he stands to calculate
How best to 'scape the murderer's fate,
That thus ye wreath your idle hands
Round moveless feet and passive hands?—
Thought ye the sight of sun or star,
Thought ye the breath and dew of heaven,
One added rapture could have given,
That thus in wrath ye flung me far
From all the scenes that can impart
Enjoyment to the untroubled heart?
Thought ye, when in your dungeon cast,
And lingering there companionless,
The long and weary hours I past
Abandoned tamely to distress?—
No! I have listened to the breeze,
And heard the music of the seas,
And joyous echoed every sound
That swept my prison-house around—
—Yes!—if thou wilt, pronounce it madness—
Oft with my fettered feet I sprang,
Oft did I clash my chains in gladness,
Oft in delirious joy I sang—
My righted son was with me there,
And joy was in his eye and air,
Nor could I wish his fortune changed,
Whose death so deeply was avenged.
Why did he fling me thus from light?
Thought ye I cared for noon or night?
—My prison hours were hours of joy,
Yet interchanged with agony—
Yes! raptures rose like waves that reach
The proud rocks of some lonely beach,
Then ebb, and, when they cease to heave,
Oh, what a dreary waste they leave!—

"How wildly then did passions rave!
The Moon of Madness ruled the wave—
—What bursts of splendour light the deep,
What shadows o'er its surges sweep!—
—I cannot linger here, to tell
The tortures Man prepared for me,
The blood that stained my lonely cell,
The soul he vainly sought to quell,
That, when the body shrank and fell,
Groaned not amid the agony!—
I called for tortures—and I felt
Strange pleasure in the stripes they dealt;—
In rage they struck—I loved to show
With what calm scorn I bore the blow—
Still did they meanly spare this breath,
Lest suffering should be 'scap'd by death!"

We avoid noticing some slight errors in versification, and one or two even in grammar, in order to submit, without another comment, a few specimens of the Miscellaneous Poems, from which we think it will clearly be seen that Mr. Anster is possessed of talent, shall we say genius, deserving of cultivation and likely to produce matter for posterity.

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

Hail to thy hues! thou lovely flower,
Still shed around thy soft perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry hour,
And boast even now a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
Of smiles, that hailed the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds, to fancy's ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell!

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair;
In Autumn's chaplet thou art wreathed,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As Summer breezes waved her head,
And now the snow-drop at thy side
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay;
The Summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost;
While, gathering beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost!

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmer, alike in lordly tower,
And in the hermit's cell she glows;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
The bosom's EVERLASTING ROSE!

BALLAD.*

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the
song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing:

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning:

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I will sleep with my little boy
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

THE DIRGE OF DARGO.
(From the Gaelic.)

[The original, of which I know nothing, is, I am told, printed in Doctor Smith's "Gaelic Poems." The present imitation is from a literal translation by a friend.]

CHORUS.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength
and thy height,
Thy foot, like the ermet of the mountain in
flight;
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce
breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was
death!

Alas! how soon the thin cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud!
And who shall tell his sire the tale!
—I see thy father full of days;
For thy return behold him gaze;
The hand that rests upon the spear
Trembles in feebleness and fear—
He shudders, and his bald gray brow
Is shaking like the aspen-bough;
He gazes till his dim eyes fail
With gazing on the fancied sail;
Anxious he looks—what sudden streak
Flits like a sunbeam o'er his cheek!
—"Joy, joy, my child, it is the bark
That bounds on yonder billow dark!"

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition is in Ireland, which attributes most instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

† Eagle.

His child looks forth with straining eye,
And sees—the light cloud sailing by—
—His grey head shakes;—how sad, how
weak

That sigh!—how sorrowful that cheek!—

Thy Bride—thy beloved, is smiling in sleep,
She thinks on her love in the visions of
night,

She welcomes her wanderer home from the
deep,

And her Dargo she folds in the arms of de-
light;

Alas! is the dream of Cremina untrue?

The lord of her bosom no more shall she
view;

The beam of his valour hath darkened and
died,

And Erin beheld how he perished in pride!

His Bride from her slumbers will waken
and weep,

But when shall the hero arouse him from
sleep?

The yell of the stag-hound—the clash of the
spear,

May ring o'er his tomb,—but the dead will
not hear;

Once he wielded the sword, once he cheered
to the bound,

But his pleasures are past, and his slumber
is sound;

Await not his coming, ye sons of the chace,
Day dawns!—but it nerves not the dead for
the race;

—Await not his coming, ye sons of the spear,
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not
hear!

Oh, blessing be with him who sleeps in the
grave,

The leader of Lochlin! the young and the
brave!

On earth didst thou scatter the strength of
our foes,

—Then blessing be thine in thy cloud of
repose!

The Bride of Corinth, near the con-
clusion of this little volume, is highly-
wrought, and terrific in interest. We
are sorry only to refer to it; but Mr.
Anster's poems deserve a general per-
usal.

DODWELL'S TOUR THROUGH
GREECE.

(Continued.)

IN our preceding remarks and extracts
we have got over only a fourth part of
Mr. Dodwell's first volume; but as the
subjects have all the recommendations
of variety, and embrace modern man-
ners and antiquities, costume, customs,
arts, sciences, and anecdotes, we trust
that our prolonging our review through
succeeding numbers, will not be deem-
ed prolix, unentertaining, or uninstruc-
tive. From Patra the author set out
for Salona, the ancient Amphissa, and
travelled thence to Krisso, the ancient
Krisso, where the Krissean plain offers
many recollections to the classic schol-
lar. At Salona, which stands on the
northern extremity of this plain,

A Greek having observed us taking

sketches, said that if we would follow him,
he would show us an Hellenic picture.* He
accordingly conducted us to a cellar in the
town; and having removed some barrels
and lumber, discovered a large Mosaic
pavement, coarsely worked, representing
various animals, as dogs, horses, and tigers.
Pliny says, the Greeks were the inventors
of Mosaic pavements; but there is now
very little remaining of it [them] in Greece;
indeed this is the only entire specimen I
have seen. There is one at Orchomenos in
Boeotia; but it was covered with water
when I was at that place, and not visible.
There are also some small remains of Mo-
saic pavement at Athens, and at Delos.

A Turk at this place refused to allow
a sight of a long inscription in his pos-
session, because he was sure that if
seen it would soon be conjured away
to Europe. A visit was however paid
to the Vaivode (who was not afraid of
being whipt off by necromancy), and
soon after the travellers arrived at
Krisso, where they slept at the Bi-
shop of Salona's. This affords an op-
portunity of describing the domestic
customs of modern Greece, of which
we select the most prominent passages.

We passed the night in his house; no-
thing could be more miserable! He lives
with all the simplicity of the primitive
Christians; there was nothing to eat, ex-
cept rice, and bad cheese; the wine was
execrable, and so impregnated with resin,
that it almost took the skin from our lips!
*** Before sitting down to dinner, as well
as afterwards, we had to perform the cere-
mony of the χειρωνακτον, or washing of the
hands; a tin bason, which the Turks name
levenn, is brought round to all the com-
pany, the servant holding it on his left
arm, while with the other hand he pours
water from a tin vessel, called by the Turks
ibrik, on the hands of the washer, having a
towel thrown over his shoulder, to dry
them with. The towel is called *μασλα*,
from the ancient word *μασδαλια*. This cere-
mony is performed not only before and
after meals, but is practised by Greeks and
Turks before commencing their orations,
as it was by the ancients before they sacri-
ficed to the gods, and on the arrival of a
stranger at a house.*** We dined at a
round table of copper tinned, called, in the
Turkish language, *siny*, supported upon one
leg or column, like the *monopodia* of the
ancients. We sat on cushions, placed on
the floor; and our dress not being so con-
veniently large as that of the Greeks, we
found the greatest difficulty in tucking our
legs under us, or rather sitting upon them,

* *Ελληνική ζωγραφία*. The modern Greeks
call their ancestors Hellenes, and never
Graikoi. They call the ancient Greek lan-
guage, *Ελληνική γλώσσα*, and the modern
Ρωμαϊκή γλώσσα, and Greece *Ελλάς*. The
Greeks of the low empire, seem to have
prided themselves in descending from the
Romans rather than from the Greeks, and
accordingly called themselves "*Ρωμαίοι*."

as they do with perfect ease and pliability. Several times I was very near falling back, and overturning the episcopal table, with all its good things. The bishop insisted upon my Greek servant sitting at table with us; and on my observing that it was contrary to our custom, he answered, that he could not bear such ridiculous distinctions in his house. It was with difficulty that I obtained the privilege of drinking out of my own glass, instead of out of the large goblet, the *κυλίς φιλοπρῖα*, or poculum amicitiæ, which served for the whole party, and which had been whiskered by the bishop, and the rest of the company; for both the Greeks and Turks use only one glass at meals.

The Greeks seldom drink till they have dined. Xenophon mentions the same custom among the ancients. When the dinner was finished, and the *χειροπαιπτον* was performed, a draught of wine was taken by each person, and it was termed *πρωτοπαιπτον*, from being taken after the nipton, or washing was over. After dinner, strong thick coffee, without sugar, was handed round; the cup is not placed in a saucer, but in another cup of metal, which the Turks call *zurf*, and which defends the fingers from being burnt; for the coffee is served up and drank as hot as possible. I observed at this place a custom which is prevalent throughout Greece, and which seems to be of ancient date: the houses have no bells, and the servants are called by the master clapping his hands. Pausanias, in his description of a painting by Polygnotos, says that Paris is represented clapping his hands to call Penthesilea, who is seen in the picture.

The bishop is highly respected by the villagers, and receives their homage with becoming dignity: after dinner, he sat smoking his pipe upon a sofa, and several of the country people came in to pay their respects: they knelt down to him, touched the ground with their forehead, and then kissed his hand. This ceremony is almost as servile as the Chinese *Ko Tou*. The bishop keeps a *καλογραία*, or good old lady, in his house, who manages his domestic concerns: such a person is frequently found in the houses of the bishops, who are not permitted to marry.

The *Kalograia* happening to be ill, our author was obliged to prescribe for her (as all Europeans are esteemed doctors), and the Bishop was sure the medicine must be excellent, as it was in such nice little bottles. Whether that was the case or not, his *old lady* was much better next morning, and he begged the successful practitioner "to give her another dose to prevent her being ill again."

This request (says Mr. D.) brought strongly to my recollection a very similar demand which was made some years ago to a traveller in the Hebrides. This gentleman having tuned a piano-forte, and being about to quit that country, was earnestly

entreated, the same day that he had tuned it, to tune it another time, as if with the notion that it would be a good thing for the instrument to have one tuning in store beforehand!

At Kastri, the travellers delivered a letter of introduction to the Papas, from the Bishop of Salona; it is a curious specimen of Greek epistolary writing, and we give a translation.

Most holy Papas, Mr. John, we give you our benediction. These English milords (synonymous to travellers) have come here; they are going to travel. You will receive them well, for they are men both honourable and noble. They are recommended to us by the English consul, and they are come from Patra. That is all we have to say, and our benediction be with you. Your Benedictor.

February.

The approach to Delphi (vulgo Delphos) is wonderfully impressive. Its grand and theatrical appearance, its mouldering ruins, its fallen glories and ancient magnificence, must all fill the mind with extraordinary emotions. The vast precipices of Parnassus rise behind the humble cottages of Kastri; and olives, mulberries, and grain are seen, as the natural steep or artificial terraces of the Delphians favour these productions. The account of the natives is very interesting:

The inhabitants of this valley exhibit a people (according to the author) in a state of more inartificial and simple existence than any I have ever before seen: indeed, they have little to do out of their own valley; and their poverty, while it keeps them at home, affords no inducement for the intrusion of the Turks. They are, however, governed by an Agha, who bears a good character amongst them. Our arrival excited the eager curiosity of the Kastriotes; they crowded into our cottage, where every thing we had was a matter of astonishment! They were so much pleased with our sugar that every one begged a little bit; and it is difficult to describe the surprise which they manifested, when they saw me use Indian rubber, to efface some pencil lines. The grown-up persons stared at each other, and observed, that I was a "*καλυγρωστικός ανθρωπος*:" the children ran away, and said, I was the devil.

The Kastriote women are distinguished by their native beauty and their unadorned elegance; to fine figures they unite handsome profiles, good teeth, and large black eyes. We went one day to a cottage to inquire for coins; and making the woman of the house a compliment on her good looks, she seemed highly pleased, and said she had been handsome, when young, but that it was now her sunset; that, however, she had five daughters, all as handsome as she had been, and whom she would show us, if

we would dance at her cottage the next day. During our conversation, two of her daughters came in, with large pitchers on their heads, and water from the Kastatian spring, and convinced us that she had spoken the truth. [Our author writes with enthusiasm, as if he had drank deep, but tasted not.] The Papas has a wife, three sons, and a daughter; the eldest son, a short time before our arrival, married a fine girl of the village: she paid us a visit, and, on entering the room, made some very low bows, and kissed our hands; she then kissed her own hand, with which she touched our hands, at the same time saying, *Σας προσκυνώ*. A salutation of this kind denotes great respect; it is practised in the mountainous parts of Italy, and is an ancient custom. She repeated her salutations so frequently, that I was induced to ask if there was any particular reason for it, and was informed, by the Papas, that it was the common ceremonial which newly-married women practised towards strangers who came to their house, and which it would be deemed irreligious and inhospitable to neglect. * * *

The most curious part of the ménage, but not the most agreeable to us, was the manner in which we passed the night: the second room being full of olives and sacks of corn, we all slept in the same chamber; the Papas and his family occupied one end of the room, and we took the other part; they slept upon mats, spread upon the floor, and, to make up the deficiency of blankets, kept their clothes on; the Papas, and his wife the papadia, occupied one mat; the new-married couple another; and the rest of the family lay scattered in different parts of the room. Their curiosity was very great to see us go to bed; indeed it was reciprocal; and if we were surprised at seeing them sleep with their clothes on, they were still more so, at seeing us undress. A circumstance occurred, which, though trifling in itself, is mentioned in this place, as strongly characteristic of the simple and pastoral habits of these poor people: the cow of the Papas having recently calved, and the weather being extremely cold, the calf was brought up every night, and slept by the fire-side, with the rest of the family. "*Et pecus, et dominos, communis cluserat umbra.*" * * * We here noticed a custom which is prevalent throughout the greater part of Italy, and is probably of ancient date: the person who, after sun-set, brought the light into the room, wished the company good evening; and the same salutation was returned by them all, frequently repeating the words *καλή εσπερα*.

Before we conclude our present number, we must state the striking fact that not a single trace of the Temple of Apollo is left. Its very site is unknown, and, perhaps, the greatest juggle of antiquity has vanished entirely.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-AMERICAN INDIAN DANCE.

(From Col. Hipsey's Narrative of a Voyage to the Orinoco and Apuré, just published.)*

THE Indian dance is not only amusing but scientific: it would create wonder and applause on any stage in Europe. The leader is styled their chief, or Indian king, to whom the others pay implicit obedience. The chief, and twelve Indian lads, from twelve to fifteen years of age, are dressed in the costume of the country, viz. a short petticoat tied round the waist, and decorated with various coloured feathers, compose the whole of the body dress: the petticoat extends almost to the knees, and is very tastefully ornamented: round the head a coronet of coloured paper, decorated with plumes of feathers, is displayed, and the long twisted black hair gives a finished appearance to the whole. The chief alone wears a mantle, adorned with pieces of scarlet cloth, gracefully thrown over his shoulders; and, with a sort of sceptre in his hand, commands the whole. He wears a large coronet on his head. The boys are all armed with bows and arrows, and having formed themselves into two lines, their king walks down the middle and seats himself in the chair of state. He is supposed to personate Montezuma, who, on receiving a letter from the Cortez, demanding unconditional surrender of his person and treasures, is so irritated and displeased, as to cause him to tear the letter in pieces, before his body guard, and having imparted to them its contents, demands of them if they are willing to die in their Inca's defence. Their answer is an instantaneous prostration of themselves at the feet of their monarch, in token of their firm resolution to defend him to the last extremity, and to die in his cause. They then on a sudden arise, and having strung their bows, shew their readiness for immediate defence. The piece then concludes, and dancing recommences. The pole dance in general closes the diversion of the afternoon; a dance so called from the production of a pole about 10 feet high, and about four or five inches in circumference. At the head is a round ball or truck, immediately under which are fastened twelve different coloured and various striped pieces of French tape, about half an inch broad, and about twelve feet each piece in length. The pole being kept perpendicularly supported, each Indian lad lays hold of a line of tape, which is drawn to its full length, the whole forming a large circle around the pole, one regularly covering his companion in front. At a signal from the chief, the music strikes up a favourite tune, and the circle becomes in motion, half of the performers facing to the right about: on the second signal each steps off, and meeting the others, they pass on in succession right and left, and so continue until the twelve lines of tape are entwined in check-

* We are sorry that the late publication of this work prevents our reviewing it till next week.

ed order from the top to the bottom of the pole; and so regular is the appearance, that it would be difficult to find a flaw or a mistake. A halt for the moment takes place, and the same process is again renewed to unwind the tape, which is as regularly completed as before, by inverting the dance and leading from left to right. It is not only graceful, but the movements of the whole are in step and time to the various cadences which the instrument produces. At the various periods I saw this performance, the instrument was a violin, and the tune a favourite French waltz.

PASSAGE UP THE ORINOCO FROM ANGUSTURA TO SAN FERDINANDO.

(From the same.)

At sunset the flecheras again approached the shore, and we landed to cook our suppers, and fix our hammocks for sleep. For this purpose a spot was selected, fires were lighted, and the sentries posted. One immense fire was kindled around a large tree, which was kept burning the whole night. In this manner we held off the wild beasts, with which these immense forests abound, and even the musquitos, a less formidable, but equally annoying enemy, were put *hors de combat*. After supper, and the sentries being relieved, the rest of the men and women assembled around the fire, and the early part of the night was spent in chat, songs, and tales, to which the officers frequently listened, and were as frequently amused.

In the morning at daybreak we again embarked, and continued our voyage with a fair wind up the river, which continued to present its meanderings, and its noble views of hills, valleys, and forests. There was no decrease of woodland; but the trees assumed more the appearance of timber. Some were of immense height and magnitude. The feathered tribe were numerous, and of various kinds, from the carrion crow to the grand vulture. Amongst them was the black bustard, or country scavenger: these fly, hop, walk, or perch, in groups from five to a hundred, and probably four or five of these groups will assemble near each other. They are as tame as barn-door fowls, and never having been shot at or molested, they are impudent, bold, and fearless. They are about the size of a hen turkey, and fly or take wing with much gravity and appearance of leisure. As they feed on every kind of offal, dead carcasses of animals, &c. they are considered as very useful in preventing the various maladies which would inevitably ensue from putrid flesh and other noxious matters lying about unburnt or unburied. Wild ducks and geese are seen flying in flocks above your head, and all the parrot tribe din you with screeching their wonder at the approach of man. Every kind of bird appears in view, and the plumage of the greater number is beyond description beautiful. The nightingale salutes you with her song at night, and a sort of thrush hails the morn. The mock-

ing bird too, diverts and astonishes the traveller, nor does the woodlark less contribute to the melody around. The water fowl are in prodigious multitudes. The pelican, flamingo, and several species of the crane, are always in sight, busily employed in catching fish on the margin of the rivers. I should not forget to mention another kind of carrion bustard, nearly as numerous as the black sort, equally familiar, and equally bold, that from this spot attend the boats in flocks, waiting the moment of landing, and the spreading of the food, to pick up the bones of meat, and scraps which are left behind. They are remarkable for the beauty and richness of their plumage. They are not unlike the cock pheasants of Europe and of China, in size and in the variegated colouring of their feathers. The male bird has a very long and brilliant tail of three feathers; and a top-knot or tuft upon the head, equally variegated, is common to both genders. The parrot kind consisting chiefly of flocks of the small green or parakeet, the larger green and grey parrot, and the great and lesser macaw, are in great abundance, and find ready purchasers in various islands of the West Indies. They are brought down to Angustura, sold there to the sailors for a trifle, and by them at the various islands at from two to five dollars each.

The monkey tribes are very numerous: those which I in general saw sporting on the branches of the trees, were the small ring-tail monkey, who can with his tail swing himself from a bough, and make it his support when sleeping, or basking under the morning or evening's sun. This species of monkey has a shrill shriek when frightened, but a soft plaintive whistle when fondled and domesticated. Some of these are very small, not larger than a two months' kitten, and full of play, tricks, and merriment.

Of the land serpent kind I saw but few: only one particularly large met my view. It was about ten feet long, as large round the body as a man's arm, with a prodigiously wide mouth, which it opened to an extent which would, I think, easily have taken between its jaws the head of a sheep divested of its horns. This monstrous reptile removed slowly from my sight, occasionally halting to see if I pursued it, extending its jaws, and hissing, while it coiled along the ground, till lost to my view, by entering the bushes. I had no fire-arms with me at the moment, and I did not choose to follow it, or impede its way, without being able to defend myself against its probable attack, had I attempted to molest it. I never did see any of those large snakes or serpents, which, I have heard, infest the woods and plains of that part of South America. Nor did I ever meet one person who could confidently assert that he ever witnessed, or saw the large serpent, or "boa constrictor," of which South American travellers give so marvellous an account. Very large water snakes I have however seen, swimming across the Orinoco at various points; and

I can readily believe they were as long, though not so large in circumference, as the serpent I have before mentioned. The land-crabs, the tortoise, the scorpion, both brown and black, are numerous and very large. The centipede, from three to eight inches in length, I have repeatedly met with and destroyed; and also other stinging and poisonous reptiles of smaller dimensions and various kinds, all enemies to man if injured or provoked. The large black spider is one of these of a poisonous nature; and in many of the huts or habitations, in the different Indian villages as you pass up the river, is to be found the devil sticker. It is of a spongy soft nature and smooth skin, not unlike the large slug of England. It is brought into the hut with the fire-wood, or it may creep in from the outside unperceived. It however crawls up the side wall, and getting on the edge of the rafters of the ceiling to which it adheres, it looks like a small ball, or more properly like the slug coiled up; it is frequently known to drop from its hold without being molested, and wherever it falls it throws out from its body five or six fangs, which are barbed like a fish-hook, and into whatever softer material than stone or brick it chances to fall, these fangs enter; nor can it be removed unless by cutting the animal off, and picking the prongs out of the substance into which they are so firmly fastened. When they fall on the persons of those who happen to sit or stand underneath, the consequence is dreadful. I saw one man, who an hour or two before had one of those devils alight on his hand, and he was obliged to have it cut off, and the claws and fangs removed by picking them out of his flesh with the point of a large needle. His hand was immoderately swelled, and very painful; but an immersion in warm oil or fat removed the pain, and restored the hand to its usual appearance. There are great multitudes of the lizard tribe, from the small black to the large green; some of them very beautifully marked and spotted: they are perfectly harmless. The green Guana, which is also of the lizard kind, is in bulk as large as a rabbit, about twelve or eighteen inches in length, and is killed for eating; its flesh being considered as a dainty. Of the marine animals I have next to speak, and I shall commence with those of the amphibious cast. The alligator, and the larger sort of crocodile, most justly merit, and take the lead on this occasion. I had heard of swarms of alligators which I should find on my passage up the Orinoco, yet I was astonished when I actually saw them, floating with the stream on the water as the flechera passed, apparently without life or motion, resembling pieces of decayed branches of trees, stripped of their leaves, and about seven or eight feet long; nor, on first perceiving them, should I have been convinced they were otherwise, had I not seen their motion when the boat neared them, and they gradually descended towards the bottom of the water. My eyes soon, however, grew

familiar to them from the number we encountered, and I was not long in being gratified by seeing others, as they lay either sleeping among the sedges by the water-side, or basking in the sun on the sands, as we advanced in the channel of the river. We soon ascertained that they were not so courageous on land as in the water. Most terrific they certainly were; yet many of the men would advance towards them and attack them with their sabres, while they appeared immovable; with their mouths open actually receiving the cut, and then plunging into the water with great velocity. Some of these creatures were at least ten feet long from tail to snout, and in circumference as large as the body of a grown lad, if not larger.

In some places, where the wind headed the flechera from the twisting of the river, and the boatmen were obliged to track or pole it past a certain point, we very often met with a nest or swarm of young alligators from eight or nine inches to a foot long, and ten, twelve, or fifteen in a cluster or group, which were generally killed before the men left the spot. They were found in hollows under the bank of the river, and their cries were loud and piercing. The parents of these families were in general not far off, and they never attempted to interfere for the preservation of their brood. I have seen several times, eighteen or twenty young fry playing around the old one, as it lay in the sedges. The officers frequently attempted to kill the alligator with ball; but although four or five shots were discharged at them at the same moment, none seemed to penetrate. I only saw one, which the men caught sleeping some distance from the water, where it was surprised, and which they killed by thrusting their sabres into its eyes and mouth. It was some time before they could overpower it, which fortunately they did before any of them were wounded or injured. It measured from the end of the tail to the point of its mouth ten feet two inches. It was two feet in the girth, and had forty-eight teeth in the upper and under jaw. The next object worthy of remark is the porpoise, of which there are immense shoals. They are very sportive, and as large as any I ever saw in the ocean. There is also a species of river monster, something resembling the sea-calf on the coast of South Africa. Of the funny tribe there are numerous sorts, and some of them most delicious eating. We caught with a sea hook and line, the large dog-headed fish, weighing from thirty to sixty pounds, the flesh of which was well tasted; rock fish, red mullets, large roach from four to eight pounds, and fish resembling carp weighing five and six pounds, but of far more delicate flavour. In short, every kind of fish was taken, and many of excellent quality of the smaller size, like herrings and sprats. Turtle from one to ten, twenty-five and thirty pounds weight; very fine prawns were to be had, as also fine fresh-water crayfish, as delicious as those found in our Southampton river. There

are, however, three sorts which are poisonous, one of which may be eaten if properly prepared by cutting out the injurious part. There is also a stinging fish, which is a great nuisance to the bathers in the river. It entwines round the foot and leg, and stings with its tail. The swelling caused by the venom thus injected is of too serious a matter to be trifled with; many having lost the limb, or died in consequence of not being properly attended to. Bathing is also a source of danger, from the attack of the alligator, who in water is a most formidable enemy, as I once experienced from having very nearly become a prey to this merciless animal. * * *

We again got under way in hopes of being able to pass the Boca Inferna, or Hell's Gates, before night. The Orinoco was rising fast, the current downward became more rapid, and the large trees, branches, and wrack, which the stream was forcing down, sometimes impeded our passage. This afternoon, however, we had avoided them with less difficulty, having a fine steady breeze right aft. On arriving at, and getting fairly into the great basin, which the hand of nature has here most beautifully formed, in narrowing the main channel of the river, by the gradual inclination of the lands on either side, where the bluff heads are planted like two immense abutments of rock, assuming similar shapes; from thence, on either side, the Orinoco forms the larger segment, or I might say the half of a circle: as the boat enters into this basin, the indraught, or eddy stream, draws her rapidly in, until arriving at a certain part, the water becomes nearly quiescent, and the opportunity is afforded of admiring the grandeur of the scenery, the sublimity of the rocks, woods, and mountains around, the romantic beauties and picturesque views which present themselves on every side. There is a grand and awful appearance of the large body of water, which comes rushing down between two immense pillars of rock, erected by nature in the middle of the channel, through which are perceived trees of immense size precipitated by the current above, which having approached the centre of the basin, meets the indraught, by which it is forced back into an eddy of the stream, and then drawn again into a vortex or whirlpool, powerfully realizing the idea of the ancient Charybdis. Even the largest trees were sucked under water as soon as they entered the whirling gulf, and when the eye met them again, they were seen in the centre of the outlet stream, passing rapidly down with the current. Do boats come down the same channel? I eagerly inquired, and was answered in the affirmative, excepting when the fullness of the Orinoco permits them to take another rapid to the left, between rocks in a range from an island in front, to the main-land. Those rocks, the captain said, would in a few days more be nearly if not entirely covered with water: they broke the force of the stream coming down, and it was then safer for the craft to descend.

I could not avoid asking if our boat was to attempt going up the rapid before us? the answer was, "yes, immediately; as the breeze is coming on." We were all alive to the scene; and our flechera was nearing the land, which I now perceived to be two islands in the centre of the river, separated on the right and left by the rapids, and not more than a gun-shot distance from side to side. The two pillars of stone were fixed nearly mid-way, and at equal distance from the land, and threatened destruction to every thing which touched them on its descent. When the eye was willing to leave the contemplation of such majestic scenery, it had only to turn to the waters of the basin in which our bark was floating; there were sporting all the demons of the Orinoco, as if to give greater eclat to the scene below Hell's-gates. A fancy might have crossed the imagination, that these monsters of the deep were some of the infernal spirits, assuming the shape of the cetaceous animals of this river, or of its more wily inhabitant, the cayman or alligator; and who, being gifted with divination, had foreseen that we should all be lost in attempting the passage of the Boca Inferna, and in that event fall a certain prey to them; for every species had met at this moment there, to perform their gambols. Alligators, and the more immense size, worthy the appellation of crocodile, were seen in every direction. The porpoise in shoals of hundreds, tumbling about in contorsive dalliance; the manates of much larger size seeming to join in the sportive dance. The chiquire or water hog, was also there in shoals; while fish of every kind approached our boat, many of which were caught with hook and line, and many speared by the Indian boatmen.

To render the scene complete, one of the largest water serpents I had ever seen swam past us, attended by five others of considerably less dimensions. They did not appear desirous of entering the greater circle of the basin, but turned off to the nearest of the two islands, and I presume got safe on shore. Having got the wind, and hoisted our large mainsail to catch every blast, the flechera's head was turned to the rapid, and we gradually stemmed the current, keeping the island on our left nearly close aboard. When a little more than abreast of those immense pillars, the squall of wind died away, and the boat was yielding to the stream, when one of the hussars suddenly threw ashore the grapnel, which having caught strong hold, the barge was brought alongside, and made fast for the night. A moment more would have brought her head to the stream, and she must have descended the rapid. We should then have felt the sensation of passing between the pillars of the Boca, have been twisted and twirled in the whirlpool, and placed again in the spot, or near it, where we had been floating three hours before. Being however safe moored, the kettles, &c. were carried on shore, fires were lighted, hammocks slung, and we prepared for

supper and repose. The roaring of the water, as it tumbled down the rapid, and the noise of the bats which were so completely disturbed by our fires and smoke, and the swarms of mosquitoes which surrounded us, prevented that slumber, however, which many of us required.

SENEFELDER'S COURSE OF LITHOGRAPHY.

WE now come to the second and more important part of this valuable work, containing instructions in the different branches and manners of Lithography. As these instructions are of a detailed nature, we can of course give but a very superficial notion of the processes described. Those who wish to execute them, must have recourse to the publication itself.

M. Senefelder begins by describing the difference between type and copperplate printing; in the first of which, as most of our readers know, the impression is obtained from the elevated, in the second from the sunk parts of the surface. In the chemical or Lithographic process of printing, it matters not whether the lines be engraved or elevated; but they must be covered with a liquid to which the printing ink, consisting of a homogeneous substance, will adhere according to chemical affinity and the laws of attraction, while at the same time all those places which are to remain blank, must possess the quality of repelling the printing ink. Now, all greasy substances, or such as are easily soluble in oil, will not unite with any watery liquid. That principle is the foundation of this new art. It is not sufficient however to make certain spots of the plate greasy, and others wet; water, generally speaking, not having power sufficient to repel the printing ink from all the places on which it ought not to be. It is necessary therefore to prepare the surface of the plate, so that in those places which are to remain blank, it may reject the printing ink, as if from aversion.

Among the different materials applicable to this new method of printing, the calcareous slate occupies the first place. It possesses not only a strong tendency to combine with unctuous substances, and to retain them obstinately, but it likewise possesses the power of absorbing bodies of a different nature, such as aqueous fluids; and, thus impregnated, will repel oleaginous and unctuous bodies. The best stone of this description is that procured from Solenhofen, in the district of Manheim, three leagues from the town of Neuburg. In general the proper thickness of a plate of it is from two inches to two inches and a half; and, provided their surface be uniform, the harder sorts of stones are the best for all the manners of Lithography. They require to be carefully polished: first with pumice stone and water, until the edge of a ruler applied in all directions every where touches the surface; the stone is then (having been placed horizontally) to be thinly covered with fine sand, mixed with a spoonful of water, to which a little

soap may be added; another stone is then to be put on the surface, and moved up and down in different ways; at intervals, fresh sand and water must be applied; and thus two stones are at the same time polished and rendered perfectly level.

The next important requisite for Lithography is the chemical ink to draw or write with. The principal qualities of this ink are—its filling the pores of the stone in those places to which it is applied with an oily, greasy substance, and its capacity of resisting the action of aquafortis and other acids. M. Senefelder communicates a variety of recipes for this ink. We transcribe one. Wax (by weight) 2 parts; shellac 4 parts; soap (the common kind, prepared from tallow and soap lees,) 4 parts; lamp-black 1 part. The manner of making the ink is as follows:—The wax, the shellac, and half the soap are put together in an iron saucepan, and exposed to a strong fire, until the whole mass ignites. When the quantity is reduced by ignition to one half, the saucepan is covered, or put into a pailful of water, to extinguish the flame, and cool the composition. The other half of the soap is then added, keeping the saucepan over a fire, at such a degree of heat as is sufficient for the solution of the soap. The lamp-black, which must be of the finest quality, and must have been previously burned in a close vessel until yellow smoke no longer issued from it, is now added to the composition, stirring it continually all the while. When all has been well mixed, and worked up until it gradually becomes cool, the composition is taken out of the saucepan, when any shape may be given to it. Most of it ought to be formed into small cylinders or sticks; and in that dry state preserved for occasional use; rubbing it down, when wanted, with a few drops of water in a cup, until it is about the thickness of cream.—A softer ink, for transferring drawings or writings from paper to the stone is made in the same manner, but with the following ingredients:—Shellac 3 parts; wax 1 part; tallow 6 parts; mastic 5 parts; soap 4 parts; lamp-black 1 part.

Lithographic chalk is a composition which can be applied to the stone in a dry state like Italian chalk; and different sorts of drawings may be produced with it. For the composition of this chalk M. Senefelder gives a number of recipes. We extract the first. Wax 4 parts; soap 6 parts; lamp-black 2 parts. The wax and the soap are melted together, then the lamp-black is added; the whole is well rubbed down on a hot iron plate, then put into a saucepan and exposed to the fire until it returns to a liquid state. It is then poured out on a stone plate, well impregnated with oil, so as to form a cake of the thickness of the eighth part of an inch. The mass when cooled is cut into small slices, and is fit for use. In the other compositions, tallow, spermaceti, and shellac are added in various proportions, as it is required to make the chalk of a harder or a softer texture.

There remains the composition of the printing ink, which should be made of oil

varnish, and fine burned lamp-black, well ground and united. Sometimes ivory-black is used, and occasionally Frankfort black.

The next thing considered by M. Senefelder, is what is called "the preparation of the stone;" by which is especially meant the process by which the stone receives the quality of repelling the printing ink in certain distinct places. Gum arabic, and some other similar substances; are the principal means of thus preparing the stone; the operation of aquafortis or other acids only rendering the stone more disposed to admit of the preparation. As the gum acts only on the uppermost surface of the stone, and by the frequent wiping off of the ink in printing is gradually diminished, it becomes necessary to renew it, while the stone is printing, about twice a-day. M. Senefelder's work contains a mass of minute and valuable information on this point.

The best mode of making a steel pen for Lithographic purposes is then described; as also the manner of cutting sable pencils in order to qualify them for the production of lines of equal thickness. The Lithographic student must also provide himself with tracing and etching needles; and with a chest well lined with pitch, in which to bits in the stones.

There are three different sorts of paper necessary. Transparent paper; blotting paper; and printing paper. The transparent paper is for the tracing of drawings, in order to transfer them to the stone; which may be done either in the ordinary way by rubbing the back of the drawing with black-lead, and having laid it on the stone, marking the outlines with a tracing needle, or by making the drawing on the paper with the softer chemical ink already described, and, having laid it on the stone, passing it through a press; in which case the paper must undergo a particular preparation; and is then called prepared transfer paper. The blotting paper is used principally as a covering for the paper which is to be printed. With regard to the printing paper, the best is the half-sized, or wholly unsized paper used for copperplate printing. It ought to be moderately wetted, and then compressed, and left for twenty-four hours before it is used.

The description given by M. Senefelder of the various kinds of Lithographic presses is not susceptible of abridgment, and would be unintelligible without the plates. He acknowledges that this is a part of the Art capable of great improvement; for that at present too much is trusted to the skill and attention of the printer.

We proceed to the account of the different manners of Lithography. They are divided into two principal branches—the elevated, and the engraved manner. In the first, all those parts of the stone that are covered by a greasy ink, resist the action of the acid poured over the whole surface of the stone, by means of which the other parts of the surface become corroded; they stand therefore higher than the latter, as if elevated from the plain sur-

face of the stone. In the second manner, all those lines or parts of the drawing or writing which are to give the impression are engraved into the surface of the stone by means of a sharp needle, or bitten into it by the action of an acid.

The sub-divisions of the elevated manner, are 1, the pen, or hairbrush drawing; 2, the chalk manner; 3, the transfer manner; 4, the wood-cut manner; 5, the scraped manner; and 6, the sprinkled manner.

With reference to the pen or hairbrush drawing, the stone, in order to prevent the chemical ink from spreading, ought to be slightly prepared, by washing it with a strong solution of soap and water, and subsequently with pure water, which ought to be carefully wiped off. The drawing is then to be made on the stone with the chemical ink already described. When dry, the biting in with acid may commence. This is effected either by a flat varnishing brush, or by effusion. In the first case, a composition of aquafortis, and three or four parts of water is repeatedly and uniformly passed over the surface of the stone; in the second case, the stone having been previously placed in the pitched chest before noticed, a composition of aquafortis, and 20, 30, or 40 parts of water is poured over it. Experience alone can teach the exact strength of the acid, or the proper duration of its action. The stone having been properly bitten in, should be washed with water; and, when dry, covered with a solution of gum arabic in four or five parts of water. In two or three minutes, a few drops of water and of oil of turpentine should be spread over the surface of the stone; and then, by means of a woollen rag, the whole of the drawing may be wiped off. The surface of the stone should then be well wiped with a damp rag, so that it may be every where slightly wet, and immediately charged with printing ink by passing a printing roller several times over it. The stone may then be printed; to simplify which operation, M. Senefelder gives very copious instructions; to which we must refer our readers.

The Lithographic chalk is used on the stone in the same manner as common black chalk is used to produce a drawing on paper; a coarser or smoother grain having first been communicated to the stone by rubbing it with the finest gravel sand, and a little soap water. The chalk will not however bear so much corroding as the ink. In general therefore, for that purpose, to one part of aquafortis, a hundred parts of water may be added; and the darker shades may be further bit in by means of the flat varnishing brush, and stronger acid. The printing of a chalk drawing on stone is extremely difficult, and requires strict attention to a variety of cautions recommended by M. Senefelder; who likewise explains at considerable length the way in which defects or accidents may be remedied; and describes a mode of producing a very agreeable effect by using two plates; on the one of which,

a sort of middle tint is bitten in all over, with the exception of the high lights of the subject, and in the other the shades are expressed. Several stones may thus be brought into play; and a variety of colours thereby introduced.

The transfer manner M. Senefelder considers as the most important part of his invention. The paper for this manner must be previously prepared with a thin starch, mixed up with French chalk, plaster of Paris, and gamboge. The drawing or writing is effected on it with a dilution of the chemical ink in soft water. When dry, the back of the paper must be sponged with very weak aquafortis until it is thoroughly soaked, when the superfluous moisture must be absorbed by blotting paper, and being placed with its face on a clean stone, the whole must be passed two or three times through a press. When taken out, it must be put into the pitched chest, and a solution of aquafortis in water (one part of aquafortis to a hundred parts of water) be poured over it so as to wet the whole surface. Pure water must then be poured over it in like manner until the paper is disengaged. The solution of gum may then be applied, and the stone is ready for printing; although its effect may be increased by a re-biting. If chalk be used instead of ink, it must be previously softened by the addition of a little tallow.

We have no room for a description of what M. Senefelder calls the woodcut manner, the sprinkled manner, and the Indian ink manner; or for an account of his mode of printing in colours, and in gold and silver. Leaving the elevated, we must content ourselves with a very brief notice of the engraved manner of Lithography.

The stone, when it is intended to engrave upon it, must be rubbed down as smooth as possible, and prepared with gum water, which however, must be immediately washed off. It should then be covered by a flat varnishing brush with a thin colour, composed of a solution of gum and lamp-black, or red chalk. When perfectly dry, the drawing must be either traced or sketched on the surface; and the lines must then be all drawn in with an etching needle, cutting through the covering coat, and entering more or less deeply into the stone as a greater or less degree of strength of shade is required. A soft ink, composed of thin varnish, tallow, and lamp-black, must then be rubbed over the surface of the stone, into all the lines; and immediately wiped off; together with the original covering coat; by means of a woollen rag dipped in gum water. M. Senefelder proceeds to give directions as to the best manner of printing this engraved style of Lithography.

A drawing may also be etched on stone by a process similar to that used in etching on copper.

Some very curious and diversified processes of Lithography are also described by M. Senefelder, under the names of—manner of drawing with prepared or gum ink, the sprinkled aquatint manner, the

soft ground manner, &c. all of which exhibit very striking ingenuity, and deserve to be closely studied by those who are desirous of obtaining proficiency in this new art. Instructions are also given for printing with oil and water colours at the same time, for the application of the stone to calico printing, for printing oil-paintings by transfer, &c. We regret that although M. Senefelder's recently invented stone paper, intended to supersede the use of stone, is again mentioned, the mode of preparing it is not specified; but that, M. Senefelder promises to make the subject of a separate work.

On the whole, we consider this translation of M. Senefelder's course of Lithography as an important acquisition to the arts and the artists of this country. An extensive field is opened for experiment; and we have no doubt that ere long British science and invention, operating on the materials thus afforded them, will discover a variety of highly valuable applications of the Lithographic principle.

Hints on the Sources of Happiness, addressed to her Children by a Mother; author of "Always Happy," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The saturnine character of the English has long been a fruitful theme of ridicule to our vivacious continental neighbours; and, after making every due allowance for the exaggerations which have been indulged in on this, as on almost every other subject, it must be acknowledged that there is but too much truth in the censure. To what is this attributable? The days are gone when the gaiety of France was ascribed to soup-maigre and frogs, and the gravity of England to roast beef and plum-pudding. There is not a London haberdasher who, when heat and dust have driven nine-tenths of his customers out of town, steals away for a whole fortnight, to gaze at the wonders of the Louvre, and to regale himself at the restaurateurs of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, but returns with astonishing details of the quantity of "wittels" devoured by the gormandising, though lively Parisians. If not to excess of food, to some cause however our admitted national melancholy must assuredly be owing. Perhaps our organization may have something to do with the matter. The chilliness and humidity of our climate may have their influence. The commercial speculations of so large a portion of our population (necessarily inducing anxiety), and the participation in a greater or less degree by every Englishman in the advantages, and even in the power of modifying our civil Constitution, (naturally inclining his mind to important and serious contemplation), probably aid in producing the effect; and unquestionably a principal source of it among the middle and inferior classes, exists in the gloomy tenets of several of our religious sects (unhappily increasing), the professors of which seem to think that the best mode human beings can adopt of

testifying their gratitude to Providence for the innumerable comforts and pleasures with which they are surrounded, is sullenly to abstain from all enjoyment.

But, let the cause of the evil be what it may, every endeavour to diminish or counteract it must be deemed a general benefit; and as such we hail the interesting work now under our consideration; the production of a lady, one of whose publications for youth we took occasion favourably to notice in our last number but one. Her present composition is however of a much higher class and character. Its object is to show, in opposition to what the author conceives to be the prevailing opinion, that there is more happiness in the world than misery; or rather, that there are more means of happiness than there are causes of misery. In the prosecution of this laudable design, the author takes a most extensive range. To use the expression of one of her favourite writers as applied to another: "There is scarcely a subject on which she has not touched; and there is not a subject on which she has touched which she has not adorned." Commencing with an inquiry into the grounds of the existing opinions on the question, she enters into an examination of the common causes of suffering, and of the sources of happiness. This leads her to an enumeration of the powers of enjoyment, divided under the heads of—the senses and appetites; the affections and passions; and the intellects or mental faculties; all of which are ably, candidly, and minutely discussed, with a surprising and almost exhaustless variety of illustration; the evident result of extensive reading, long contemplation, and discriminating judgment. The style is admirably adapted to the subject, and to the purpose:—simple and forcible in the argumentative parts of the work; luxuriantly rich and poetical when imagination is summoned to confirm the conviction that facts and reason have produced.

A few quotations will, better than any general description, enable our readers to form a just estimate of the tone and merits of this production. So many passages of excellence however present themselves to our notice, that we shall really find it difficult to restrain ourselves to a selection sufficiently limited for our columns. We begin with one in which, after asserting that the causes of happiness preponderate over the causes of sorrow, the author goes on to maintain that even those few real sorrows that are permitted to cloud existence, serve to heighten its joys, and on that account are not undesirable.

"That 'there is a joy in grief' is a sentiment of the poets, the truth of which has ever touched and delighted, and must ever touch and delight the heart. I am aware that the joy here alluded to, is the pensive pleasure with which we recall the memory of departed friends, reflect on their virtues, recollect the happiness enjoyed with them, and dwell with grateful emotion on the remembrance of having once been the objects of their affection. The joy of such recollections, though mingled with tender

woe, we have all at some period experienced; and its existence cannot therefore be denied. But there are other joys dispensed by grief. Is not the transport of re-union purchased by the pang of separation? Is not such a transport most exquisite? Can it be obtained by any other means? Do not the agonies of suspense procure the precious joy of reviving hope? When, bending in anguish over the beloved invalid, the first symptoms of convalescence appear, this, the most intense gratification the soul can experience, is unequivocally the result of the foregoing suffering. Can any joy equal this joy? Does it not receive its acuteness from the previous anxiety? May not grief, then, be deemed a cause of joy?

"But sorrow yields service, as well as heightens bliss. It prevents the stagnation of the feelings, awakens by turns the affections into livelier play, and, by short breaks into tranquillity and apathy, renders the worth of every blessing more justly appreciated."

The following remarks show the cheerfulness of the author's general doctrine: "In their endeavours to instruct or to animate their fellow-creatures, the most amiable too often deplorably mistake their measures. They speak of life as merely a state of probation, as a dull and wearisome pilgrimage; kindly intending by these suggestions to wean the heart from this world, and prepare it for another. Mistaken sophistry! As if future bliss could be purchased only by present sorrow; as if cheerfulness and grateful enjoyment were not as positive duties as prayer and praise.

"It is thus, that all mankind unwittingly concur in the support and promulgation of an opinion equally depressive and untenable. What the old so peremptorily and urgently affirm, without waiting for the results of their own experience, the young believe. Expecting to find nothing but different degrees of misery, the predisposed mind easily fancies or creates it. The proud are willing to testify their superiority by scorning to be pleased with what they call common and vulgar delights. The sensitive expect to prove the refinement of their delicacy by shrinking from simple and popular pleasures. The learned exult in discovering new evidence, however fanciful, of universal suffering.

"Is it really so? Is happiness incompatible with humanity? Are mortals formed only to endure affliction? Why then, this waste of order, of variety, of beauty? This earth so fair and blooming, so admirably adapted to yield nourishment, shelter, and gratification to its innumerable inhabitants; the tiny insect, the ponderous quadruped, the scaly fish, the many-plumed bird, and, towering above all, majestic man—man, so perfect in his form, so elevated in his ideas, so sublime in his emotions! Is a world, so stored, created to sustain beings produced for misery? Is such a form, are such faculties bestowed only to envelope a spirit doomed to calamity? The fluttering insect sports joyous

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"It considers all human beings as brethren; creatures of one common nature, liable to the same wants and imperfections, capable of the same merits, sensible of the same evils, travelling the same journey, exposed to the same dangers and vicissitudes. It accepts and bestows service with the same simplicity. The emotion of benevolence fosters every other amiable emotion, as it softens the asperities of unamiable dispositions. It shows itself in charity, not only by acts, but by looks and words. It not only bestows aims on the needy and unfriended, but dispenses candid opinions, mild reproofs, and animating plaudits. It is ever willing to receive the fairest construction of the conduct of others; ever more ready to expatiate on merit, than to exaggerate defect; willing to disclose excellence, and to conceal error. It is prompt in silencing the tale of scandal, hushing the whisper of calumny, blunting the edge of satire, and calming the violence of anger. It supposes as well as practises kindness. It has no ear for slander, no eye for rage, no lip for vengeance, no heart for hatred. It listens to cauld suggestions alone, looks only mildness, speaks only

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But, though hatred, in its darkest form we may hope is seldom cherished, yet, unhappily for the peace and the virtue of mankind, some modifications of it are admitted to rankle in too many minds. But never can it be innoxiously indulged; never can it be excused by summarily hoping we do not hate, or, if we do, briefly intreating, that it may be forgiven, for it cannot be helped. We may be assured we can avoid it; we must avoid it:—an emotion so inimical to social comfort and benevolence will not be forgiven. For, however the errors or the vices of any character may raise our aversion, they can never excuse our hatred. A person may not be wholly worthless, though stained with one bad passion. In short, what passion is more deserving of hatred than hatred itself; so that, by admitting it, we deserve the very aversion we cherish.

"There is a further evil that arises from the indulgence of hatred:—its presence induces the growth of other malignant emotions. It produces a state of warfare, not with man alone, but with the objects of nature, and the events of life. The eye, habituated to scowl on a fellow-creature, looks with displeasure on all other things: the lips accustomed to mutter imprecations on human infirmity, are disposed to express disapprobation of whatever is experienced or beheld. Can any happiness reside in a bosom clouded by such a degrading passion? Diametrically opposite to benevolence in its principles, it must be so in its effects. As we prize our virtue, as we prize our happiness, let us discourage the smallest tendency to this malignant feeling. Let us remember that it can never be justly indulged, and that the penalty we must pay for its indulgence is more severe than we can readily surmise."

We are compelled to postpone, until our next number, any further notice of this highly interesting publication.

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It is always with mechanical perfection that the imitative arts end, when the original sentiment of the beautiful and the true is exhausted, and thus we in some degree see sculpture finish at Rome in the first half of the 18th century. Angelo Rossi and all the sculptors of St. Jean de Latuan, closed, if we may say so, the career of invention, to carry mechanical execution to the highest degree of perfection.

Here our author stops to bring up to the same period, the other parts of his history in the different countries of Italy. At Naples he finds a great number of monuments which display only vain parade and tasteless execution, and have been unable to give lasting reputation to their authors. Tuscany had long reposed on the laurels acquired for it by the great artists of the 16th century. The noble works at Florence preserved the artists of that city from that corrupt taste, which reigned every where else; some of them produced works, inferior it is true to those of the preceding age, but not wholly degenerate. The number of artists is as considerable, but in general they have left no reputation, and their names are no where to be found beyond the forgotten archives of that time. The same may be said of the sculptors at Bologna, in Lombardy, Piedmont, &c.

M. Cicognara dwells with rather more complacency on the Venetian sculptors of this period, but he judges them with equal severity.

The 5th chapter of the 6th book, is dedicated to sculpture in France under Louis XIV. Before that time Italy had shared with France in all the works of art which did honor to the latter, from the reign of Francis I. But the impulse which Louis gave to his age, rendered foreign assistance unnecessary. In analysing this part of the work, the learned reviewer differs

soft ground manner, &c. all of which exhibit very striking ingenuity, and deserve to be closely studied by those who are desirous of obtaining proficiency in this new art. Instructions are also given for printing with oil and water colours at the same time, for the application of the stone to calico printing, for printing oil-paintings by transfer, &c. We regret that although M. Senefelder's recently invented stone paper, intended to supersede the use of stone, is again mentioned, the mode of preparing it is not specified; but that, M. Senefelder promises to make the subject of a separate work.

On the whole, we consider this translation of M. Senefelder's course of Lithography as an important acquisition to the arts and the artists of this country. An extensive field is opened for experiment; and we have no doubt that ere long British science and invention, operating on the materials thus afforded them, will discover a variety of highly valuable applications of the Lithographic principle.

Hints on the Sources of Happiness,
addressed to her Children by a Mother; author of "Always Happy," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The saturnine character of the English has long been a fruitful theme of ridicule to our vivacious continental neighbours; and, after making every due allowance for the exaggerations which have been indulged in on this, as on almost every other subject, it must be acknowledged that there is but too much truth in the censure. To what is this attributable? The days are gone when the gaiety of France was ascribed to soup-maigre and frogs, and the gravity of England to roast beef and plum-pudding. There is not a London haberdasher who, when heat and dust have driven nine-tenths of his customers out of town, steals away for a whole fortnight, to gaze at the wonders of the Louvre, and to regale himself at the restaurateurs of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, but returns with astonishing details of the quantity of "wittels" devoured by the gormandising, though lively Parisians. If not to excess of food, to some cause however our admitted national melancholy must assuredly be owing. Perhaps our organization may have something to do with the matter. The chilliness and humidity of our climate may have their influence. The commercial speculations of so large a portion of our population (necessarily inducing anxiety), and the participation in a greater or less degree by every Englishman in the advantages, and even in the power of modifying our civil Constitution, (naturally inclining his mind to important and serious contemplation), probably aid in producing the effect; and unquestionably a principal source of it among the middle and inferior classes, exists in the gloomy tenets of several of our religious sects (unhappily increasing), the professors of which seem to think that the best mode human beings can adopt of

testifying their gratitude to Providence for the innumerable comforts and pleasures with which they are surrounded, is sullenly to abstain from all enjoyment.

But, let the cause of the evil be what it may, every endeavour to diminish or counteract it must be deemed a general benefit; and as such we hail the interesting work now under our consideration; the production of a lady, one of whose publications for youth we took occasion favourably to notice in our last number but one. Her present composition is however of a much higher class and character. Its object is to show, in opposition to what the author conceives to be the prevailing opinion, that there is more happiness in the world than misery; or rather, that there are more means of happiness than there are causes of misery. In the prosecution of this laudable design, the author takes a most excursive range. To use the expression of one of her favourite writers as applied to another: "There is scarcely a subject on which she has not touched; and there is not a subject on which she has touched which she has not adorned." Commencing with an inquiry into the grounds of the existing opinions on the question, she enters into an examination of the common causes of suffering, and of the sources of happiness. This leads her to an enumeration of the powers of enjoyment, divided under the heads of—the senses and appetites; the affections and passions; and the intellects or mental faculties; all of which are ably, candidly, and minutely discussed, with a surprising and almost exhaustless variety of illustration; the evident result of extensive reading, long contemplation, and discriminating judgment. The style is admirably adapted to the subject, and to the purpose:—simple and forcible in the argumentative parts of the work; luxuriantly rich and poetical when imagination is summoned to confirm the conviction that facts and reason have produced.

A few quotations will, better than any general description, enable our readers to form a just estimate of the tone and merits of this production. So many passages of excellence however present themselves to our notice, that we shall really find it difficult to restrain ourselves to a selection sufficiently limited for our columns. We begin with one in which, after asserting that the causes of happiness preponderate over the causes of sorrow, the author goes on to maintain that even those few real sorrows that are permitted to cloud existence, serve to heighten its joys, and on that account are not undesirable.

"That 'there is a joy in grief' is a sentiment of the poets, the truth of which has ever touched and delighted, and must ever touch and delight the heart. I am aware that the joy here alluded to, is the pensive pleasure with which we recall the memory of departed friends, reflect on their virtues, recollect the happiness enjoyed with them, and dwell with grateful emotion on the remembrance of having once been the objects of their affection. The joy of such recollections, though mingled with tender

woe, we have all at some period experienced; and its existence cannot therefore be denied. But there are other joys dispensed by grief. Is not the transport of re-union purchased by the pang of separation? Is not such a transport most exquisite? Can it be obtained by any other means? Do not the agonies of suspense procure the precious joy of reviving hope? When, bending in anguish over the beloved invalid, the first symptoms of convalescence appear, this, the most intense gratification the soul can experience, is unequivocally the result of the foregoing suffering. Can any joy equal this joy? Does it not receive its acuteness from the previous anxiety? May not grief, then, be deemed a cause of joy?

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in many points, as it seems, from his author. M. Cicognara has an important discussion on the advantages and the inconveniences of Academies founded by Governments. We agree, says M. Quatremère de Quincy, that like all bodies these establishments are more proper to preserve than to create; that in general the exercise of the fine arts requires more independence; that originality is in danger of being checked, and genius constrained, by the too immediate presence of the lessons, the examples, the influence of a great body. All these things have been a hundred times repeated, and it has always been announced, that if in the present state of modern nations, we could not hope to see the arts take that independent flight which was formerly perhaps one of the causes of their prosperity, Governments, which cannot reproduce these creating causes, ought not therefore to abstain from those cares which are always in their power, and which consist in preserving and maintaining a flame, which neglect would soon suffer to expire.

The Reviewer goes at length into a defence of the French sculptors of the age of Louis XIV.

The history of French sculpture in the 18th century, resembles those rivers which diminish, in proportion as the streams are dried which supplied their channels. It may be remarked too, that in three quarters of this century, Italy has not a single name or a single work on sculpture to produce. Sculpture in marble certainly languished greatly under Louis XV.; but the great works cast in bronze furnish the historian with materials to fill up the chasm which he finds here. The collection of the bronze statues of the kings alone, as well on foot as on horseback, adding those which French artists have been employed to cast in different parts of Europe, would make one of the most interesting chapters in the history of French sculpture, especially in the 18th century. M. Cicognara, it must be owned, has not entirely neglected this important article; unhappily he no more found in France the great and numerous works which were the pride of Bordeaux, Lyons, Rennes, Rheims, Besançon, and above all of the metropolis, which possessed the richest productions of this kind: the revolution has swept them away.

We now come to the last book of this history. The author has divided it into four pretty short chapters, on which we shall not dwell.

The first treats of the state of Italy towards this latter period, and develops a certain number of causes common to all Europe, which explain the state of languor of the arts of design, during three-fourths of the 18th century.

The second chapter shows the state of this art in Rome, previously to the appearance of the first work of Canova; it results from this statement, that the only sculptors in Rome were masons, and restorers of antiques.

The third chapter is entirely employed in the enumeration and description of the works of Canova; when we read this chapter, that is to say in going through, during the space of 30 years, the series of the works of one man, we fancy we have passed in review the course of a century, and the works of several generations of artists. Antiquity often ascribed to one man the works of many; it is probable that a contrary fate is reserved for Canova, and that posterity will divide among many the innumerable works of this artist; who, however, has neither family, school, nor pupils, and whose labours and success no person can boast of having participated.

The fourth and last chapter is a short recapitulation of the whole history.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.—TOMBUCTOO.

We understand that in a short time the following work will be published at Paris: "Journals of Travels from Tripoli to Tombuctoo, by Scheich Hagg-Cassem, and by Mohamet, the son of Ali the son of Fuli." An introduction by Mr. Walkenaer, Member of the Académie des Inscriptions, will contain geographical illustrations.

These Journals go from stage to stage to the celebrated city which has been the cause of so many learned disputes, and the object of so many expeditions. One of them is by way of Haoussa. Mr. Silvestre de Sacy has translated the second from the Arabic. The researches of Mr. Walkenaer embrace all the journals, or fragments of journals, of travellers who have gone to or towards Tombuctoo. Among the names of travellers who have got thither, is that of a Frenchman named Paul Imbert, from Sable d'Olonne, who in the seventeenth century reached this celebrated city.

MR. MOLLIE'S JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE GAMBIA.

Several journals have affirmed, that a young Frenchman, named Mr. Mollie, a nephew of the peer of that name, had arrived at Tombuctoo, which is owing to a mistake in a name. The following are the particulars of the case:—

Mr. Mollie, only 21 or 22 years of age, had last year visited the countries watered by the Gambia and Rio Grande, and had discovered the source of these rivers: he penetrated to Timbo or Tiembo, the capital city.

He believed that he had found the real source of the Senegal, which according to this, would lie more to the

south than has before been imagined. After he had endured all the dangers and fatigues which accompany a journey among an uncultivated people, he returned by the Bissagos Islands to the French colony at Senegal, and arrived on the 15th of January at the Island of St. Louis.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

EDUCATION AND EMPLOYMENT OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

Among late publications, is one under the title of "The Select Works of Johannes Falk," in three volumes, of which the late Kotzebue gave on the whole a very unfavourable report; but concluding with a passage which, besides its own interest, we are the more inclined to translate, as it touches on a point which has of late been the subject of much discussion in this country; namely, the education of the lower classes of the community.

"If, after all that we have said, we cannot with good conscience, introduce Mr. Falk's muse into the circle of our readers, we must, on the other hand, acknowledge with the highest esteem his benevolent exertions for the education of poor children, who, but for him, would have been lost. At the same time with his works, an address to the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Weimar, accompanied by nineteen documents, has been published, upon one of the most frightful defects of our legislation, that which has arisen from the melancholy error of confounding popular education with popular instruction. Nobody will read this little book without emotion, and profound esteem for the author, and it will even serve to induce a milder sentence on his works, when we hear that when the scarcity of the year 1816 had caused a deficiency of 1905 dollars in his poor's box, he not only put into this box a present of 637 dollars, which the Grand Duchess intended for himself, but also sold a manuscript (probably the three volumes in question), which had been for some years ready for the press, to Brockhaus, the bookseller, for 690 dollars, and gave this money also to help to supply what was wanted. For many years past, Mr. Falk has taken charge of neglected children, and brought up almost all of them to be good and useful members of society. 'It is no longer a mere idea,' says he, 'which can be banished into the region of phantoms, but the idea sits embodied in the workshop of Master Büchner, at Weimar, the idea makes boots and shoes in the shop of Master Zwickel,' &c.

Mr. Falk has set out with the very just principle, that nothing but work, constant occupation can correct a vicious mind. 'Of what use or profit to the state are rogues who can read, rogues who can write, rogues who can cast accounts? They are only the more dangerous. Of what use are Latin, Greek, French rogues?' He observes very justly, that we must not begin the building of a house, by setting the paper-hangers,

upholsterers, and gilders' to work in the cellar. He calls to mind how many good customs of our fathers have declined within our generation; how many new places of amusement, bathing places, public-houses have sprung up; how many new theatres and spirit shops; how prodigiously the number of illegitimate children has increased; how many churches, convents, pious foundations, have been suppressed and even converted (as the old garrison church at Halle is into a playhouse) into gaming houses, beer breweries, and brandy distilleries, so that a rich Jew in the North of Germany boasted with a smile, that he had reformed twenty churches and convents in this manner. No Magna Charta alone, says he, can stop this wide-yawning crater of Europe. "The complaints of the invasion of the French, to whom alone people would so willingly ascribe all this moral deterioration, are indeed pretty general; but unhappily the chaste snow had long since been melted upon our mountains. Now, it is true, one torrent was added to the other; but the deluge of bad books, a whirlpool which has seized on all ranks, which hurries young and old to sensual gratification, unfortunately continued in rage, long after the French have left the country, and still continues. Among the lower as well as the higher classes, all think only on the present day and hour. What the one lavishes on costly viands and Champagne, the other sacrifices for cakes and brandy. Piety, honour, and religion; dread of the invisible are vanished; enjoyment is the word! Days of drunkenness are followed by nights of debauchery. If all is wanting—a ball through the head is never wanting! Suicide is a trifle, and the world beyond the grave a phantom." Mr. Falk's delightful triumph is, that during the late years of distress, 200 workshops in the Duchy of Weimar have fed, employed, and brought up to an orderly life, 200 orphan and partly vicious boys; and that up to Michaelmas 1818, sixty of these boys had already become journeymen, and were partly gone on their travels to other countries. Among them was one who ran away seven times, and when Mr. Falk brought him back to the workshop for the seventh time, attempted to cut off his hand with a hatchet, that he might pursue his vagabond course of life, but who is now become an honest linen weaver. Every year Mr. Falk has 50 boys bound to masters, and the same number discharged. Blessings be upon him! With this consciousness in his breast, the praise or blame of reviewers may be very indifferent to him. Our limits will not permit us to touch on all the excellent proposals which he makes to the Diet; we will only sincerely wish that he may have found favourable ears. "The moment is come," so he concludes, "when, after what has

* In Germany it is the custom for the journeymen to travel for two or three years at least, otherwise they cannot become masters. Ed.

been done at Weimar, it must be decided in the eyes of all Germany, whether a hundred scaffolds smoking with blood, which we would so willingly pull down in the name of eternal love, shall be set up again, in the name of Justinian or some other blind heathen." This address is followed by the history of the rise and progress of the Weimar Society of Friends in Need, a narrative of all that has yet been done, and a statement of the accounts. We here mention nothing farther, but "the spinning-wheel, a means of saving the souls of poor destitute girls." Fifty-eight poor families paid the interest of money lent them by spinning. Poor industrious children saved the houses and lands of their parents from being sold for debt in the year of famine, and it may be proved by authentic documents, that the houses so saved are numerous enough to build a fine village. No! not with the silly encomiums of Mr. Wagner (the editor of the three volumes), but with this book in his hand, Mr. Falk will find what he deserves before the judgment seat of God, and at the tribunal of posterity. But to shew what a delightful reward he sometimes reaps even here, we extract the following passage:—*Charles Nusseck*. On the 22d of September, 1817, we received a visit from our first apprentice Charles Nusseck, a native of Weimar, who learnt the trade of a cooper from the late Mr. Birke. He has travelled through many countries, been a year and a half at Vienna, in Hungary, Alsace, Bohemia, Bavaria, and other wine countries where the business of a cooper is in request. He has conducted himself in the most exemplary manner, and also greatly improved in his craft, especially in Austria. He was neatly dressed from head to foot, according to the manner of the coopers, in dark blue velvet; and it gave us great pleasure to reflect that this was the poor boy, who in rags, naked, destitute, and weeping, formerly knocked at our door, and implored the christian compassion of our pious society. Nusseck assured us of his love and attachment in the most affecting and unstudied manner. "When" said he, "during my wanderings in a foreign land, I knocked at a door and found it closed, I said to myself, the generous *Friends in Need* would have acted otherwise and have let you in. But if good hearted people opened the door and admitted me, I again thought of Weimar, because I had there experienced the same kindness." He has been four years in foreign countries.*

* Our readers will scarcely fail to draw a parallel between this good German, Mr. Falk, and our own benevolent Mr. Owen, of Lanark. A thousand such men in a country would almost eradicate suffering.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MECHANICS.

M. Joseph Von Baudor, Knight of the Bavarian Order of Civil Merit, &c. lately published the prospectus of a highly im-

portant work upon mechanics. The learned and ingenious author having witnessed in England the advantages of the iron rail roads, has discovered means of greatly improving their construction as well as the construction of the carriages employed on them; and by numerous new contrivances he has succeeded in removing the obstacles which have hitherto prevented the general introduction of these inventions, and confined their use even in England, to short distances, and particular localities. He has, we think, displayed most ingenuity and originality in the idea, (page 32, 36,) of his *Compensating Machines*; by means of which, the surplus of power, which is afforded by carriages going down hill, (and which has hitherto been expended without any advantage, by blocking or chaining the wheels, &c.) is to be preserved and collected in such a manner that it may be employed in facilitating the ascent of carriages going up hill. In this manner it will not be necessary either to put a check upon carriages coming down, or additional horses to those going up; and upon a road where the passage of goods backwards and forwards is pretty nearly equal, the hills and mountains, however numerous and high, would, as it were, vanish in regard to the carriages frequenting it. The Author's proposals are entirely new, (p. 37, 44,) for the application of iron rail roads, for the employment of the wind as a propelling force, (p. 45,) and of the use of fixed forces, that is, forces acting in certain definite points; as for example, water works, steam engines, and the like, to impel carriages for considerable distances, (p. 46, 51,) &c.

IMPROVED PIANO-FORTE.

A musical instrument maker of Antwerp, named Petit-Preaux, has obtained a patent for an improvement on the piano, which consists in doubling the octaves, so that the performer is enabled to produce an effect similar to that of four hands on one instrument. This invention must of course render the tone exceedingly powerful and brilliant, and it is so contrived that by means of a pedal the performer may play either with the double or single octaves, at his pleasure.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PARIS.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has again announced its intention of granting a prize at its public sitting in July, 1820. The subject is that proposed last year: namely, "to inquire what was the state of the French Government and Legislation at the period when Saint Louis ascended the throne, and to explain what were the effects of the institutions of that Prince at the close of his reign."

The prize is to consist of a gold medal of the value of 1500 francs. The essays sent for competition must be written either in French or in Latin, and are not to be received until the 1st of April, 1820.

The Academy has also proposed the fol-

lowing subject for the prize to be awarded in July, 1821:—

"To compare the ancient Persian and Chaldean monuments, whether edifices, bas-reliefs, statues, inscriptions, amulets, coins, engraved stones, cylinders, &c. with the religious doctrines and allegories contained in the *Zend-Avesta*, and the information which the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Oriental authors have transmitted to us respecting the opinions and customs of the Persians and Chaldeans, and to explain them, as far as possible, the one by the other."

The French Academy has deferred awarding the prize, which was last year proposed in the class of poetry. The subject was an *Eloge on the Institution of the Jury*. None of the pieces presented this year were deemed worthy of the prize.

THE FINE ARTS.

SHAKSPEARE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—I am sorry to observe that your correspondent Mr. Brockedon, in the letter to which he has affixed his name, in the *Literary Gazette* of 17th July, pursues the same uncandid and unjustifiable spirit towards me, that marked his anonymous accusations. It consoles me, however, to find that your readers here agree with me, that his letter seems the effusion of a mind, confessedly the dupe of imposture, seeking to be revenged on some one. The effect of such a temper will, I apprehend, be more prejudicial to himself than to me.

Although it would be an easy task to reply to the various trifling and illiberal observations of Mr. Brockedon, I have no inclination to trespass on the good sense of the public, or to occupy the valuable columns of your highly interesting miscellany by so doing. My business is with accusations of a more serious nature, and with the groundless insinuations which Mr. B. chooses to make use of in support of such accusations; and those only I shall notice.

In all my dealings with, or knowledge of Mr. Foster, I never found him guilty of deceit or falsehood. Yet, I do not hold myself accountable for what passes in conversation between him and Mr. Brockedon, or for any inconsistencies that may appear in relating such conversations. I have stated in my letter to you of the 7th June, that on my describing my picture to Mr. Foster, he told me that he did not remember having seen such a one. I now add, that, *he did not tell me mine was one of the spurious sort*. I now again most seriously assert, that I requested Mr. Foster would procure me a portrait of Shak-

speare from Mr. Zincke, in order, as I have already stated, that I might place it by my own, "to show the difference between a spurious and a genuine portrait." That Mr. Foster so understood my commission, the following extract from a letter, written by him to me, on the 11th of June, (after the writing of, but previous to the appearance of my last letter) will show:

Extract from Mr. Foster's letter.

Dear Sir,—I duly received yours of the 29th of May. With regard to the Shakspeare portrait, I will state to you as nearly as I can recollect what I know about it. A tall gentleman, dressed in black, came into my shop, and asked me if I had a portrait of Shakspeare to sell; and at that time I had bought one of Zincke for the purpose of sending to you. I showed it to him, and I think I mentioned to him that you had a fine original, and I was going to send you that one down for the purpose of comparing yours with the ones made now. He gave me his card, and mentioned to me he had a portrait of Shakspeare, and wished to show it to me. I promised to go, but unfortunately, I lost his card; all that I can recollect of it is, it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Carnaby Market, and I should suppose from his conversation, he was an Artist.

Mr. Brockedon has not favoured us, Sir, with his address in the *Literary Gazette*, but I find it is "Historical Painter, Poland Street." The above extract will be sufficient to show that Mr. Foster well understood my intentions. That I ever ordered or even thought of two portraits, *I solemnly deny*. I have also related what passed at Dr. Hardie's in Manchester. What "impression" I left as to the genuineness of his picture, those who felt that impression are best able to answer. In Mr. Brockedon's anonymous attack, I was charged with "abusing" the picture. Now it seems that Gentleman was informed, I also "abused" its possessor "for attempting to impose on the public." So far is this from the truth, that on ascertaining the true character of the picture, I felt sorry that Dr. Hardie should be a sufferer from imposture, and regretted that this neglect of the common attentions of society towards me, since the time that he saw my portrait of Shakspeare in my absence, at Manchester, had prevented my telling him in confidence what I knew of his picture. I was the more anxious to do this, as I had heard that Dr. Hardie had been advised to go to the expense of having it engraved in London. I accordingly sent a message to Dr. Hardie on this subject by a

mutual friend, but no notice was taken of me or my message. I do not ask Dr. Hardie the reason of this, but I wish that both he and the public should be undeceived;—I never abused him or his picture.

Had I been inclined to abuse on this subject, Mr. Brockedon's eulogy of the picture in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th November last, would have afforded me a favourable opportunity, for he appears to be the person who has, unwittingly, as he confesses, done most towards imposing the picture on the public.

I was at a loss to know what Mr. Brockedon alludes to by the "bronze frame from Birmingham, the work of 200 years," but can suppose that in the same temper which prompts him to endeavour to affix on me the odium of having "ordered spurious pictures and encouraged deceit," he means to insinuate that for the portrait which I requested Mr. Foster to purchase of Mr. Zincke, I ordered a "bronzed frame from Birmingham," to appear like "the work of 200 years" ago. Now, Sir, *I most positively assert that I ordered no such frame*, nor did I expect that any frame whatever should be sent with such portrait.

It requires some temper, Sir, to treat such accusations as these, in which groundless insinuations supply the place of proof, or even of the remotest probability. Admitting that I had ordered such a frame, which I positively deny, where is the impropriety? Where is the crime? Mr. Brockedon is bound to produce substantial evidence, that I have ever sold or offered for sale a single spurious portrait of Shakspeare; or, if he have common candour, make that acknowledgment of his error, to which the public, not less than myself, have claim.

I trust that I have said what every candid and honourable mind will think conclusive on the subject of Mr. Brockedon's attack. I shall however so far follow his example, as to state that my earliest knowledge of his name was when he was mentioned to me as having given a decided opinion that Dr. Hardie's portrait was genuine, and that it was probably the work of *Zucchero*. I afterwards saw his name to a long description of the picture in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 10th November last. I fully, however, accept his apology for the omission of what I consider a very necessary appendage to accusation—*his name*, to what he calls

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his "Questions in Reply;" and sincerely do I wish that he had, in the same spirit of rectitude, gone so far as to apologise for his uncandid and groundless accusations. Circumstances of importance to me, and absence from home, have delayed this answer longer than I could have wished: you will oblige me therefore by allowing it an early insertion in the Literary Gazette.

I am, sir, your constant reader,
THOS. WINSTANLEY.

Liverpool, 14th Aug. 1819.

CHANGES.—In the chapel of one of the principal colleges in Paris, there is an old picture, representing the General in Chief of the Egyptian Army, attended by some of his aides-de-camp, paying a visit to the plague hospitals: since the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, Buonaparte has been converted into a Christ, and his aides-de-camp into Apostles. The artist who made these alterations, has not, however, thought it necessary, entirely to change the costumes, and our Saviour appears with the military boots of the Usurper. This silly anachronism has, it may well be supposed, excited the reprehension and ridicule of the students. An instance of similar ignorance occurred at Naples, where, to preserve Gros' magnificent picture of the battle of Aboukir, a Neapolitan General, who never set foot in Egypt, has been substituted for Murat. This calls to mind a ludicrous circumstance respecting Vernet's celebrated picture, the battle of Marengo. A party of the artist's friends were regretting that it could not be sent to the late Paris exhibition, on account of the principal figure. "But," said a gentleman present, "why not substitute Henry IV. in its stead?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET,

Written after a ride through a romantic part of Derbyshire.

Onward we journey'd thence,* midst mighty hills
Whose awful heads hung threat'ning o'er our way,
And down whose steep and rugged sides did stray
In devious tracks, a hundred sparkling rills.
Oh! 'twas a lovely scene, and such an one
As made my heart leap up† with rapture fraught,
For while I gaz'd my busy fancy caught
'Consoling phantasies,' and the deep tone
Of fell dejection left me. Alas! flown
Are the visions now, and again I feel
Slow through this breast, the deadly poison steal
Of Sorrow's cank'ring worm, while all undone
My hopes once more appear. But hush, my lyre!
Nor let despair thus wake thy trembling wire.

August, 1819.

* Buxton.

† "My heart leaps up." Wordsworth.

In the Album of a Friend about to be Married.

My reverend friend get married! then I'd rather,
Address thee by the name *right reverend father*.

These double blessings sure become thy parts,

Much more than single Bachelor of Arts;
Then wed, and if the best I wish not thee—
May I be d—d, and you be ne'er D. D.

TEUTHA.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

And shall this thy bridal day
Friend and Poet! pass away
Like a poor and vulgar hour?—
Rather let my careless pen
Turn, tho' yet of little power,
To its pleasant task again.

This verse to thee I consecrate,
May thy days be fair and long,
And may it be thy after fate
To stand immortalized in song,
Like that high and laurelled man,
Who chose, like one exiled, to roam,
And found a solitary home
By the blue waves Venetian.

And may thy Helen, bridal queen,
At thy side be ever seen,
With as sweet and calm a brow,
And with eyes as bright—as now;
And—but why repeat the prayer
That the priest pronounced on thee,
And the maid that tremblingly
Bow'd her at the altar's base,
With that humble feeling, grace,
That best becomes a woman there?

Yet, ere I desert my theme,
Let tearful F— claim a line,
Who stood in trembling silence by,
And E— with that Hebe eye,
Sweet as the one in Psyche's dream,
When she thought she saw above
The soft and starlike glance of Love,
Or like that girl-divinity,
That poured the nectar wine for Jove.
May the day when they shall wed
Be ever after honoured
By those, 'round whom they bind a chain
Of flowers, that none may break again.

W.

[By Correspondents.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE TAJO.

Translated from the Spanish of Fray Luis de Leon,

Capt. T. A. ANDERSON, H. M. 19th Regt.*

[This poem is founded on the destruction of the Gothic monarchy, in the reign of Don Roderic, and the entire conquest of Spain by the Moors, who were assisted by Count Julian, a Spanish grandee, in revenge for the violation of his daughter Florinda, by Don Roderic. * This event took place A. D. 714.]

In Tajo's orange-blossom'd bowers,
Stern Roderic pass'd his guilty hours,
In beauty's lap, inglorious lot!
His country, and his crown forgot!
One sleepless night he left his bed,
The river's sandy brink to tread,
Lured by the cool refreshing gale,
That softly swell'd the fisher's sail:

The moonbeam brighten'd all the scene,
The dark brown rocks, and glens between;—
Awhile the haughty monarch stood,
And gazed upon the quivering flood,
When, lo! the gently eddying tide,
Seem'd for an instant to divide,
And half in shadow, half in light,
Slowly arose, appalling sight!
The Spirit of the mountain stream!
His fiery eye-balls angry gleam,
His chilling frown, his stedfast look,
The crest-fall'n Roderic could not brook:
The shuddering king he sternly ey'd,
And thus in tone prophetic cried:—

"Tyrant! wanton paramour!
Dallying in an evil hour.
Hark! the trampling hostile scouts,
Hark! the deafening shrieks and shouts!
Monarch! ere too late, refrain,
Fatal fair! Iberia's bane!
Death to all thy princely race,
Tyrant! lurks in her embrace;
See! oh see! the shining brand
Falls on this devoted land,
View her sire his wrongs proclaim,
Bent on vengeance, deaf to fame:
Now from Cadiz' sea-girt walls,
Hagar's turban'd sons he calls,
Lybia's tribes their cymbals sound,
Swarthy nations flock around,
Arabs brandishing the lance,
Shriek aloud, advance! advance!
Myriads to their banners throng,
In pomp barbaric borne along:
Mark what squadrons crowd the plain,
Fill the ships, and cleave the main!
Straining arms the gallees ply,
White in foam the billows fly,
Winds propitious waft them o'er,
Now they gain the fated shore!
War and havoc round thee press,
Can'st thou still the maid caress?
Calpé owns the Moorish blade,
View her crescent flag display'd,
Rise, or be for ever lost;
Lace thy corslet, arm thine host!
Mount, and spare not spur or rein,
Deep thy desperate falchion stain!
See, the slaughter rages round,
Horse and horseman bite the ground!
Weltering in their mutual blood,
Moor and Christian choke the flood,
Sweeping headlong to the main,
Batter'd arms, and warriors slain!
Till the fifth returning night,
Ebbs and flows the tide of fight.
King! the sixth, thy downfall brings,
And wide the Moorish standard flings!"

Here ceas'd the voice—the echoes round
Seem'd to prolong the solemn sound;
The moon withdrew her shining beam,
And mist and vapour hid the stream.

EPIGRAM.

Fair Daphne in song, like Apollo, I woo'd;
From my song Daphne fled; like the god I
pursued,
Till I caught the dear maid, who in vain tried
to flee,
And I won to my arms—an inanimate tree!
Cold, senseless, unfeeling; unconscious of
love,
No caresses could warm her, no sentiment
move;—
Should the parallel hold, and sprouts bud
from my tree—
She's an olive to others—no laurel to me.

BENEDICT.

A WORD OF REMONSTRANCE

With the Female Union Societies in the Manufacturing Districts.

Dear Dames of the North, while all quitting
your houses,
To prate on reform to wise mobs with your
spouses;
Pray, what's to become of your babes in
the cradle?
Who's to work at the needle, or brandish
the ladle,
To wash, make your beds, fry your fritters
or bacon,
Scour your pans or your floors, all at home
thus forsaken?
While your husbands are weaving, might
not you too be spinning?
Surely better employ'd, than our ears to
be dinning
On reforms of the state, with such tinkers
as Cobbet,
Less forward to mend, if they could, than to
rob it.
Bawl no longer with Wooler, or orator
Harrison,
On schemes too absurd, to admit of com-
parison:
No; dear, my good dames of the 'facturing
districts,
Be no longer cajoled by the dence, or by his
tricks.
While thus addled your brains, or your
craniums fractur'd,
O! 'twere well, could your heads be all
new manufactur'd. SANUS.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

[From The Hermit in London (first Series) just published in 3 vols. with great additions.]

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal
springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things!
But smoke and dust, and noise and crowds
delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her
quite:
Where silvery rivulets play through flowery
meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes
their shades,
Black kennel's absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Young.

I gave an account to the dowager Lady Eagle-
mont of my country excursion to River-
bank Park. She sympathized very sincerely
with me, and added that, for her part, she
would rather live in London all the year
round, than pass one month at her son's
castle. Fashion, however, makes it neces-
sary to quit town at a certain period, merely
to say that you have been in the country.
"Now," continued she, "in the hottest
day in summer, when town is most empty,
and when you meet not an acquaintance in
a whole morning, still are the shops open—
one can go shopping, can call at a circulat-
ing library, get the last satirical novel, take
an ice at a confectioner's, talk scandal at a
dress-maker's, hear the *on dits* that are
going about, drop in at the minor theatres,

and sit at one's window on a Sunday quiz-
zing the beaux and belles emerging from
the counter and the show-room.

In the country there are no such pas-
times. A watering-place, indeed, is very
well for a month, because it is not like the
country; one can gamble all day, go to
balls and assemblies at night, frequent the
circulating libraries, and gossip as much as
in town. But a visit to what is called your
country-seat, your family estate, is to me
being a prisoner on parole in fine weather,
and a close prisoner in bad weather. A
rainy day, for instance! what a trial of
patience! what a penance for one of my
habits! In a jail there may be variety,—
the prisoners must have many and mar-
vellous adventures to relate; but at the
family mansion, all is clock-work sameness,
healthy stupidity, and the gloomiest of all
gloomy retirement.

I neither ride nor fish; and as for a walk,
unless upon the flag-stones, I never think
of it. Country drives are equally odious.
To be dragged along without shops or
loungers to look at, I deem detestable; and
then to arrive at a village, and to set all the
curs and mongrels barking at me, to disturb
a donkey on a bed of manure, and to set a
parcel of cocks and hens to flight, whilst
broad grins and opened eyes meet me at
every cottage door, affords me not the least
entertainment.

Notting parties, too—what a bore! get-
ting your face scratched with brambles,
and your bonnet knocked off by the branch
of a tree. To boil your kettle like a gipsy,
under a hedge, I hold degrading; and din-
ing in woods, in tents, and in the open air,
has this horrible difference from the worst
entertainment in a house, that you have
the misery of being bit by insects, your
complexion spoiled, and your dishes filled
with animalculi.

Then the society in the country is the
most monotonous in the world. You are
entertained by the parson, perhaps, who
preserves the same soporific and nasal note
with which he treats his parishioners from
the pulpit; or by the village apothecary,
who puts you in low spirits by detailing
how sickly the season is, how many patients
he has to attend, and the miraculous cures
which he has performed; or who delights
you with a four hours discourse of unintel-
ligibilities about oxygen and hydrogen,
muriates and nitrates and carbonates!

My poor brother, who you know is re-
tired from the army, perfectly agrees with
me in his hatred for the country, and suf-
fers just as much as I do in it. But to re-
turn to a rainy day. I remember, last July,
it set in for rain in such good earnest, that
we had only five dry days in the month. I
know it to my sorrow, for I counted them
all, as I did the moments, until I got off to
Brighton, and thence (tired enough of the
seaside) to Bath.

One day, in particular, it rained inces-
santly. My son and the apothecary played
billiards all day; and the women must
needs be industrious and go to work. My
poor brother was confined with the gout,

and I could get no one to make up a rubber
at whist. I counted, from my window, the
slates of the stables, being in number seven
hundred and fourteen; I measured the
room sixteen times, and numbered the me-
dallions on the carpet; I read every adver-
tisement in the papers, and stood three-
quarters of an hour, by the clock, watching
a goose upon the lawn, which, as idle and
unhappy as myself, had no other amuse-
ment than extending one leg and standing
on the other, which brought to my remem-
brance Vestris, in the grand ballets at the
Opera, and had the good effect of drawing
from me a smile, a tribute to "the pleasures
of memory."

It was an awful day! I thought that
there never would be an end to it. How
relieved I was when six o'clock struck, and
the dinner bell rung! After dinner I played
cards till I scarcely knew a heart from a
club. My brother told me that, one rainy
day, he measured ten miles in the library,
played with the bell-rope for two hours,
and, after dinner, played four and twenty
games at billiards. I do protest that I
never will pass more than one week at a
time again at a family mansion as long as
I live, and that will be purely out of com-
plaisance, and to keep up old family cus-
toms."

Thus ended her Ladyship's description
of the country.

I, too, remember a comical day, or rather
a most idle one, passed at Richmond, with
a friend. It rained torrents; and our horses
were twice ordered, and twice sent from
the door. Every one of a party invited in
dinner sent apologies; and the billiard-
table was under repair. My friend was no
reader; and he had lost so much at whist
and at piquet, at Bath, that he had made a
vow not to touch a card for a twelvemonth.
We therefore looked over a portfolio of car-
catures for three hours, and played at *log*
and short for shillings, until I lost ten
pounds. Then we varied our game for odd
and even, and dined and played at back-
gammon until midnight, when I left him
to smoke his German pipe. He fell fast
asleep at this lively amusement, and was
awakened by his valet-de-chambre at four
o'clock in the morning.

I blush when I recollect how I spent
that day; but there are many, if they would
take a review of their past life, who will
find innumerable hours consumed in the
same way, not to mention the *passa tempo*
of many an elegant dragoon detached at
country quarters, who, in his *tedium vite*,
strolls with a companion to the first bridge,
and spits over it for half-crowns or guineas;
or plays at pitch and toss by the road-side,
until the hour of dinner arrives; when he
either drowns recollection and life in the
purple tide of wine; or, if he be a selfish in-
sipid, who wishes to preserve his health
and good looks, sips his pint of claret or
madeira, lounges his evening away in mis-
leading the mind of the prettiest milliner,
or mantua-maker, in the village, and then
returns home, to admire himself in the

* Instead of looking at a book.

looking-glass, to boast to his comrade of his success, or to laugh at the poor innocent easy girl's credulity.

If such be the effects of idleness in the country! surely it is better to be a

HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—This Theatre concluded its season last Saturday; and the daily papers say it has been a successful one. The Opera has certainly not been of the most brilliant order, though the ballet has had bright passages. We do not mean to say that there has not been great talent employed, but merely that no very striking works or performers have appeared. We understand that every effort will be used to engage Catalani for next year, and have no doubt but that if we saw the words "OPERA HOUSE," more seldom at the top of the Chancery reports in the Newspapers, we should have every reason to be satisfied with the undistracted exertions of the present management.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—It is scarcely a problem now, how much of indecency the public will endure upon the stage: if we are not a moral people in this respect, we are at least decorous; and if not entirely polite, we make some amends by disconcerting rank vulgarity. It was therefore surprising that the managers of the Haymarket should have made so senseless an experiment as the farce of "Belford and Minton, or There and Back again," which was performed yesterday week for the first and last time. If anxious to reduce the public taste to this lowest depth of degradation, and to add a relish for depraved thoughts and the language of the brothel, to a sort of passive affection for silly spectacle and the endurance of irrational melodrama, they must introduce the innovation gradually;—the shock in this farce was too violent, and excited so much disgust that it was instantly hissed from the stage. The Theatre pretends to reflect the manners of the age, and it is quite at war with this pretence to offer us the grossness of Farquhar, and even that without his wit; and the obscene ribaldry of his contemporaries, without their humour. We need not advert to the other properties of this piece, the existence of which was so short as to render it rather an offence than a nuisance: that offence being punished on the spot, there is no want of critical abatement, and we shall merely add that in plot it was an harlequinade, and in dialogue a drawl.

In the *Heir at Law*, Liston has played the part of Lord Duberly. His peculiar humour and drollery were well employed on this farcical character, and created much mirth. The other parts had no novelty worthy of notice. The *Young Quaker* has also been revived, but has no merit to entitle it to that resuscitation. "Live and Laugh" is still the epigraph, but this play makes no one laugh, and therefore ought not to live.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—*Orgueil et Vanité*.—The Count de Fierfort, the principal character in this new comedy, is a nobleman of distinguished family, holding one of the highest offices in the magistracy; but, according to dramatic custom, his fortune is unequal to his rank, and he is overwhelmed with debts. There is but one way by which he can extricate himself from these difficulties; namely, by marrying his daughter to the son of a money lender, a man of immense fortune, and who is moreover the holder of the bills accepted by the Count. But how can the Count de Fierfort stoop to such an alliance? M. Trigauville, however, threatens to commence proceedings against him, and the marriage is determined on.—Eugenie, the victim sacrificed to the pride of the Count and the vanity of Trigauville, is attached to another. A young man, a stranger to her and her family has been the means of saving her life. Of course she cannot do less than fall in love with her preserver, particularly since he possesses every amiable quality both of heart and mind. She communicates her distress to her uncle, who is introduced under the humble appellation of M. Dunant; this character is a mere counter-part of the merchant of Riga, in M. Duval's *Fille d'Honneur*. Dunant promises to assist Eugenie; but this is no easy matter, for every arrangement for the marriage is concluded. Meanwhile M. Trigauville, whose vanity is flattered beyond bounds at the idea of an alliance with the noble family of the Count, announces his son's intended marriage in the public papers. The Count becomes indignant on seeing what he terms his disgrace thus published to the world. He banishes every consideration of his interest, and the marriage is broken off.

Even from the commencement of the piece the spectator foresees the *dénouement*; in the very first act mention is made of a sister of the Count who has been renounced by her family in consequence of an unequal marriage. It is easy to guess that Eugenie's unknown lover is the fruit of this union. This circumstance tends to smooth the obstacles which naturally arise in the mind of the Count who is intractable on the point of noble birth.

The piece is by the author of the *Chevalier de Canolles*.

VARIETIES.

Some fine specimens of native English gold have been presented to the Royal Institution by Sir C. Hawkins, Bart. through the hands of Earl Spencer. They were found lately while streaming for tin, in the parish of Ladock, in Cornwall; some of the pieces weighed each 60 grains. Native English gold has also been found lately in Devonshire, by Mr. Flexman, of South Molton.

We regret to observe from the newspapers, that Sir John Leicester's fine seat Tabley Hall, in Cheshire, has been a prey to the flames. As the principal parts of the mansion, however, seem to have

escaped, we trust that his noble collection of pictures is uninjured.

Captain Ross of the Bombay Marine, has written a letter, in which he charges the loss of the *Alceste* frigate, in returning from China, upon the negligence and ignorance with which it was navigated.

The Emperor Alexander is stated to have ordered four frigates to be fitted out, for the purpose of exploring the Polar regions.

AMERICAN INDIANS.—As we dare say we shall have a visit of these gentry, we translate a notice of them from the French papers.

Cornelius Sakayouta, the Chief of the Oneida tribe, and the individuals of his family who accompany him on his journey through Europe, arrived in Paris a week or two ago. The Chief himself is an old man of 84. His son Aeron Sakayouta is about 40; and his grandson Sakanta, and his son-in-law Sowati Canada, are scarcely 20. The name Sakayouta, in the language of these islanders, signifies *terrible thunderbolt*. The tribe of Oneida occupies about 2000 cabans, which the savages transport from one place to another, according as the spot they inhabit presents resources for hunting and fishing, which are their sole occupations.

Doctor Chalmers, the popular Scotch preacher, is a candidate for the vacant chair of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1819.

Thursday, 12.—Thermometer from 47 to 78.

Barometer from 30.12 to 30.09.

Wind SW. 4.—Generally cloudy; at times clear.

Friday, 13.—Thermometer from 57 to 73.

Barometer from 30.13 to 30.11.

Wind SW. 2.—Clouds generally passing.

Saturday, 14.—Thermometer from 55 to 81.

Barometer from 30.20 to 30.22.

Wind NW. 4.—Clouds generally passing, and at times overcast.

Sunday, 15.—Thermometer from 51 to 77.

Barometer from 30.29 to 30.28.

Wind NE. and NW. 4.—Generally clear till the evening, when it became cloudy.

Monday, 16.—Thermometer from 57 to 77.

Barometer from 30.33 to 30.39.

Wind NW. and N. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 17.—Thermometer from 58 to 79.

Barometer from 30.42 to 30.47.

Wind NE. 2.—Clear till the evening, when it became cloudy.

Wednesday, 18.—Thermometer from 58 to 71.

Barometer from 30.50 to 30.52.

Wind NE. 2.—Cloudy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M. may be assured that the ground of his complaint was utterly unknown to us. Nothing can be further from our wish than the abridgment mentioned, and we shall take care to prevent its recurrence.

If T. H. S. C. will allow us to omit some of the lines which do not appear to us to be worthy of the rest, we shall have great pleasure in inserting his little poem.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 8vo. embellished with several fine portraits, &c. the Second Edition of the

LIFE of the Rt. Hon. R. B. SHERIDAN.

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